

ALPHABETICALLY

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BUNTHORNE ABROAD;

OR,

THE LASS THAT LOVED A PIRATE!

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The quarter deck of the Pirate Ship.*

CHORUS OF PIRATES.

We're the Pirates of Penzance,
And again we plough the waters,
Our wives you know, perchance,
Are General Stanley's daughters.

We fly again the glorious flag,
The terror of civilization,
We'd be very sorry to boast or brag,
But we defy extermination.

Ahoy, ahoy, we roam the sea!
Ahoy, ahoy, we're wild and free!
We drink and fight and revel all day!

FRED.—Yes, my hearties, we're afloat once more—we, noblemen forsooth, have “gone astray” again. Once more we breathe the free air of grand old ocean—the terror-inspiring black flag floats at our mast-head, and—

2ND LIEUT. (*interrupting*).—And there isn't a sail in sight on the whole horizon, and we're spoiling for a fight.

FRED.—That is creditable to you. But there is no cause for immediate mutiny on that score. Our wives are on board, you must remember, and if I am not mistaken, they're ready to accommodate us in the fighting way at any moment. Poor girls, they're awfully cut up.

2ND LIEUT.—Ah, you're right. I had forgotten them.

FRED.—Their position is certainly not a pleasant one for refined ladies, but to carry them off with us was the only way to save them from downright idiocy. They were succumbing slowly but surely to the enervating influence of that bilious sentimentalist, Bunthorne.

ALL.—Yes, devastation to Bunthorne !

2ND LIEUT.—I beg, pardon, sir, there was one other way. We might have killed Bunthorne !

FRED.—We might, if we could have got an eye on him ; but on the whole it is better as it is ; his blood isn't worth spilling ; it is too thin and watery. Besides, they are practically as far from him now as if he were out of existence.

2ND LIEUT.—Yes ; and a free Pirate on the ocean is better than a nobleman on the gallows.

FRED.—Very true, but enough of Bunthorne. However, let us hope our rapturous darlings may soon become reconciled to this sort of thing, and peace will reign aboard our ship as of old. By the way, what has become of the verdant gentleman who took passage with us under the pleasing delusion that we were a respectable trader bound to New York ?

2ND LIEUT.—He's in the captain's cabin, sir. He doesn't seem to feel well.

FRED.—And Miss Ethel, our captain's pretty ward, is still doing hospital duty ?

2ND LIEUT.—That is the prevailing belief, sir.

FRED. (*Aside*—The captain had better keep his weather eye open).—Then with such a nurse he can't remain sick long, and I've no doubt he'll make a first-class pirate when he finds his sea-legs. But here comes our captain—let's give him a cheer. (*All raise their caps.*) But hold !—blest if the ladies are not petitioning again—let's withhold the cheer just now. (*All put on their caps with a gesture of disappointment.*)

Enter PIRATE KING, followed by PIRATES' WIVES.

CHORUS—LADIES.

Captain, take, O take us home,
Take us back or we will die,
We're not fitted thus to roam,
'Neath the grim black flag you fly.
Sad and sea-sick matrons we,
Take us home, we conjure thee.

KING.—O cease this tiresome, hopeless, silly plea.

LADIES.—Ah, miserie !

KING.—You know it can't have any weight with me.

LADIES.—Ah, miserie !

KING.—Go to your cabins, sleep or read or sew,
Back to æsthetic influence you shan't go !

PIRATES AND LADIES.—Ah, miserie !

KING.—I tell you once more, gently but firmly, that it can't be done. You must make the best of your present situation and become reconciled to your nautical environments. As for me—and I speak the sentiments of your husbands here—I have had enough of civilization since I last returned to it,

and am determined never to go back again, but as I have frequently remarked, I'm resolved to live and die a Pirate King.

ALL THE PIRATES.—He is a Pirate King!

SONG—KING.

I am a Pirate King!
Yes, I've often said and sworn it,
All human law I scorn it!
For I am a Pirate King!

ALL.—For he is a Pirate King!

KING.—For I might have gone into politics,
And been up to all their jolly tricks,
And stood in with every ring,

ALL.—And stood in with every ring.

KING.—But I have no taste for jobbery,
I'm content with moderate robbery,
So I am a Pirate King!

ALL.—He remains a Pirate King,

[*Exeunt* CREW.]

PIRATE QUEEN.—Then we are to understand that our supplications are in vain?

KING.—Absolutely.

Enter ETHEL.

ETHEL.—(*rushing before the KING melodramatically*) Captain, my beloved guardian, let me make one more appeal, one utter appeal!

KING.—What, have you begun to imbibe æstheticism too? Answer me, where did you pick up that adjective "utter"? I was not aware that you also had sat at the feet of that weedy-haired poet.

ETHEL.—Indeed, I never saw that gentleman to my knowledge, tho' I have often wished to. As to the adjective (*shyly*) I have heard everybody use it. And I have heard it from the lips of—of—the passenger in your cabin, and may have inadvertently picked it up, as you say, in that way. But—

KING.—(*interrupting*) One moment. Am I to understand that you have been in conversation with that gentleman, a stranger quite unknown to you?

ETHEL.—No, sir—I mean yes—a little, occasionally. He looked unwell, and I thought it only common civility to offer him a lemon—that was all.

KING.—Beware, Ethel. Remember, no lovemaking with this young stranger. I may as well tell you now, in the presence of these mutual friends, who will the better understand any action I may take, that your hand is not free. I am charged by your deceased father—my dearest friend—to give

you in marriage to Lieutenant Deadeye, R. N., and I cannot allow anything whatever to prevent me from carrying out that mission. Duty, you know, is the first consideration of a Pirate of Penzance.

ETHEL.—What ! Is it possible that my father can have charged you with such a duty ? Why, I was a mere child when he died !

KING.—Yes, he did. Here are his own words, with his own signatnre, appointing me your guardian and charging that stern duty upon me. [*Hands ETHEL the paper.*]

ETHEL.—It is indeed true ! My poor papa ! But is it not shameful that in this supreme concern of the heart parents do not let their children choose for themselves ?

KING.—Your father was under a profound debt of gratitude to this brave lieutenant, and vowed to give him whatever he should ask. He demanded your hand, and said he would wait until you were eighteen. Your father was a man of his word, and granted his demand, but only on condition that he must claim you before you reached your nineteenth year. And I have reason to believe he has chosen well, and that Lieut. Deadeye will make an excellent husband for you.

ETHEL.—Who *is* this mysterious lieutenant ?—I hate him already !

Duet—KING and ETHEL.

ETHEL.—But this Lieutenant Deadeye I have never seen.

CHORUS OF LADIES.—Hey, but it's curious, very, very curious.

ETHEL.—I do not like his name, and his face may as mean.

CHO.—Hey, but it's likely, O.

ETHEL.—O that my dear father,
Had chosen *this one* rather,
Hey willow waly O !

CHO.—O that her dear father
Had chosen *this one* rather,
Hey willow waly O !

KING.—Pretty ward, this officer saved your father's life.

CHO.—Hey, but 'twas gallant, very, very gallant.

KING.—So he vowed and promised you should be his wife,

CHO.—Hey, but 'twas grateful, O !

KING.—I know he's sure to please you,
And he'll love you when he sees you,
Hey, willow waly, O.

CHO.—He's sure to greatly please her,
He'll love her when he sees her,
Hey, willow waly, O.

ETHEL.—Perhaps he's old and ugly, perhaps he's cross and grim,

CHO.—Hey, but it's likely, very, very likely.

ETHEL.—Perhaps he won't love me, and perhaps I won't love him,

CHO.—Hey, but it may be so.

ETHEL.—I don't approve such matches,

Girls may marry wretches,

Hey, willow waly O !

CHO.—True, such curious matches,

Rarely are good catches,

Hey, willow waly, O !

KING.—You judge the absent harshly, not having seen his face.

CHO.—Yes, very harshly, very, very harshly.

KING.—That he's a perfect picture I know you will confess.

CHO.—Yes, he'll be perfect, O.

KING.—To me he is a stranger,

Yet I fear no danger,

Hey, willow waly, O !

CHO.—This lover is a stranger,

But there is no danger,

Hey, willow waly, O.

ETHEL.—Let us dismiss this conversation. Thank heaven, in three months I will be nineteen, and free from this terrible compact.

KING.—But supposing he should claim you before that time expires ?

ETHEL.—Love to my father's memory will nerve me to do his will at whatever cost.

KING.—Bravely spoken. But you need not fear. His ship was cruising in the southern seas the last I heard of her, and there is not the slightest danger of his claiming you. However, remember that your heart is not free meantime, and govern yourself accordingly.

ETHEL.—Come, ladies, let us take counsel with our ever faithful adviser Frederick on this remarkable revelation.

[*Exeunt* ETHEL and LADIES.]

KING.—She's a noble girl, that ! A true daughter of her father, and a credit to my bringing up. I can rely upon her to obey to the letter. But now to other matters. What ho, for'ard !

Enter FIRST MATE and PIRATES.

And now, my trusty men, what cheer ?

FRED.—Well, Captain, we appear to be down on our

luck, and the men are becoming more and more convinced that there's some hidden omen aboard this ship that accounts for it. There's not a sail in sight, and the wind has died altogether.

KING.—There is only one way to get over a dead calm, and that is to raise the wind. Dismiss your superstitious fears, my brave fellows, and let us send up an invocation to Neptune, the pirates' friend.

Solo.—KING.

KING.—Let us implore him
To send us favoring breezes,
From this dead calmness
To graciously release us.

Chorus.—PIRATES.

Let us implore him,
Pirates adore him,
Pay him devotion
Who rules the ocean,
All implore him.

Solo.—FRED.

Great Neptune rules the deep blue sea,
And never deaf to Pirates he,
Let us invoke him earnestly,—
Kneel, kneel all kneel !

CHORUS OF PIRATES,—(*with Ladies behind scenes.*)

Hail Neptune ! ruler of the wave,
A band of gentle Pirates save ;
Send breezes fair to fill our drooping sails,
Send ! O, send us, favoring gales.

[*Exit crew, leaving King and Fred.*]

KING.—This persistent calm is very exasperating to one who is thirsting for gore ; and to add to my perplexities here's this person whom I accommodated with a free passage, repaying my courtesy by making love to my ward Ethel !

FIRST MATE.—Ah sir ! that *is* ungrateful ; but of course he is unaware of the peculiar circumstances of that young lady's case ? She has just told me of it.

KING.—True, I had overlooked that ! Come, I will go and enlighten his ignorance at once. Meantime do you see Ethel—who has unbounded confidence in you, and endeavor to impress her with your own profound sense of *duty*.

[*As they exeunt, enter LADIES following PIRATES.*]

Chorus—LADIES.

In a doleful strain
We are pleading, one by one ;
It's becoming very plain
We're not fitted thus to roam.

Take us home ! Take us home, we implore !
Take us home, or we shall surely die !

[*Seeing King they all cluster around him and repeat chorus—Captain take us, take us home—while Sailors sing—*

Tut, tut, this is ridiculous, ho, ho, ho, ho, you tickle us,
A most absurd and silly, childish way of going on,
You ought to be inspiring of us, 'stead of thus a tiring of us—
Up and be piratical, or hence and get you gone.

Instead of bravely standing by us

Like wives so faithful, brave and pious,

You go about a sniffing and wanting to go home.

You're all the time a-weeping at us, and through your
tears a-peeping at us,

Dolefully and foolishly requesting to go home—

Dolefully and foolishly requesting to go home.

KING.—Ladies, once for all I say it can't be done ! To grant your request would be to defeat the very object we had in view in leaving our Belgravian homes and resuming our Pirate trade. Our purpose was to have the salt air of the ocean cure you of your æstheticism. You were getting too fresh, if you will permit the expression. Here, on the deep and dark blue sea, you will at least be free from the personal influence of Reginald Bunthorne.

[*Enter Bunthorne leisurely.*

BUN.—I thought I heard somebody mention my name.

ETHEL.—(*aside*) It is the cabin passenger.

PIRATE QUEEN (*to other ladies*)—It is he ! But how changed. I would never have recognized him !

KING.—Why, who are you ?

BUN.—Ah, to be sure, I am as yet unknown to you by name, though you have been very kind--*all* of you—(*with a sweet look at Ethel*)—I will explain myself.

Song.—BUNTHORNE.

BUN.—I am the famed æsthete, Bunthorne,
The apostle of sneer and scorn,
Whose poems are fleshly and wild and sweet.

PIRATE QUEEN AND CHORUS,—

And we are his adorers who worship at his feet.

BUN.—O ! I am an accursed thing !

Patience now wears a wedding ring.

I loved her very dearly, but she married Grosvenor.

PIR. QUEEN.—Fie upon the silly creature, you were far too good for *her* ! (*Chorus repeat.*)

BUN.—Disappointed thus in love,

I never in society thrive,

Tho' surrounded by the doting—I longed to go away.

PIR. QUEEN.—Ah how often did we rapturously plead with you to stay!

BUN.—So I sailed from England's shore
For America, on a lecture tour,
Meaning thus to bury sorrow by accumulating wealth.

PIR. QUEEN & CHO.—And we wish him all prosperity,
good fortune and good health,
When he attitudinizes,
And the populace surprises
With his style!

KING.—*Well!* we *are* in luck. We had entertained hopes of perhaps running down a fishing smack, or even capturing a fair-sized schooner, but we certainly didn't dream of taking such a prize as this! What! Bunthorne himself! It's almost too good to believe!

CREW.—It is! it is almost too good to believe.

BUN.—Pardon me, I scarcely catch your meaning. What am I to understand by "capturing." Surely you do not mistake me for a fugitive bank cashier. Dear me, no. Don't be misled by outward appearances.

KING.—We make no mistake of that sort at all, Mr. Bunthorne. We take you for what you have confessed yourself to be—Reginald Bunthorne the fleshly poet, the perverter of our wives by means of your idiotic art twaddle and old china, and when I say we *take* you I mean just what I say. We take you prisoner. Seize him! (*Two Pirates seize BUN.*)

Patter.—BUN

Pray give me some more light upon this monstrous incivility;
Don't imagine I shall go with donkey-like docility—
Remember I have influence with the papers and nobility;

Nor dare with such impunity to perpetrate your crimes!
Don't drive me to extremes, or you'll regret your rash temerity,
For I won't hesitate to act with positive severity;
I may stop short of cursing you and all your base posterity,
But I shall certainly indite a letter to the *Times*!

[*Struggle.*

Recit.—PIRATE QUEEN.

Hold, husband, hold! be not too rash and hasty,
And give this gentleman some explanation;
'Tis only natural he should be astonished—
He took your vessel for an honest trader.

RECIT.—*Ethel.*

Hold, Pirates!		Is there not one to whom I can	} gentleman
		appeal to save this	
Yes, here is Frederick, my trusty friend	}	and relative, to whom I can appeal! I	} know I can.

Duet—ETHEL and FRED.

ETH.—O ! save him from this fate,
 So cruel, so unkind ;
 Assuage their wicked hate,
 Their vengeance fell and blind.
 Your heart is good, I feel,
 Your nature yet is mild ;
 Despise not my appeal—
 Spurn not an eager child !
 Fa la, fa la, fa la !

FRED.—Alas ! I cannot save
 This most unhappy man ;
 Fate, like remorseless wave,
 Sweeps on—all prayer is vain !
 Revenge is cruel, but sweet ;
 These men for vengeance burn—
 Tho' kneeling at their feet,
 All pleading they would spurn !
 Alas ! alas ! alas !

BUN.—I would feel obliged for some further explanation of this peculiar, not to say outrageous conduct. Will you have the goodness to tell me why I am thus taken into custody ? Beware how you thus trifle with me.

KING.—I have already told you. It is because you are Bunthorne, and Bunthorne is the cause of our having to fly with our wives from Belgravia, and seek safety abroad, even in our desperate calling.

BUN.—Desperate ! Well to be sure, you do look rather like that at present ; but I was always under the impression that a sailor's life was rather poetic and pastoral—I had not thought of that as desperate. In fact it was on this account that I embarked on a sailing vessel instead of going to America by a steamship ; steam is rather vulgar, and has no poetry in it.

KING.—Perhaps you haven't observed the flag that floats at the mast head of this sailing vessel.

BUN.—(*gazing at flag through eye-glass*)—Gracious Postlethwaite ! The design upon it is a skull and cross-bones—very badly done, but sufficiently explicit. It is not possible that I have really fallen amongst—

KING.—Pirates !!

CREW.—Pirates !

LADIES.—Yes, Pirates ! (*they all fall to the deck.*)

Chorus of sailors surrounding prostrate ladies.

Yes, we are Pirates all !

We are !

We're desperate pirates all !

No quarter we show when blood does flow,

We massacre great and small—

We do !

We're desperate Pirates all !

We're desperate Pirates all !

BUN.—Well, really I begin to feel quite interested. I must confess I had some misgiving as to your character when I came on deck just now and observed your odiously-colored garments—no neutral tints—vile primary colors—though your dress when you left port was commonplace enough.

KING.—Yes, when we're ashore we're content to be commonplace. The authorities like it better. But enough of this parley. You know us *now*. Take him below and put him in irons. He dies at sunrise.

(Pirates are leading Bunthorne off when Ethel throws herself before them.)

Recit.—ETHEL.

Is he to die unshriven, unannealed.

LADIES.—O, spare him !

Will no one in his cause a weapon wield ?

LADIES.—O, spare him !

Recit.—ETHEL.

O guardian, deaf to pity's name,
For shame.

This horrid thirsting for his gore
Give o'er.

At least respect the ladies here
And spare

Our poet from this dreadful doom.

Chorus.—LADIES.

At least respect your wives in grief and anguish pleading,
At least be noblemen and show your birth and breeding,
We pray, we pray, we pray.

Solo.—ETHEL.

Poor fated one,
Hopeless and vain our plea ;
Stony and stern,
Pity they spurn,
Poor fated one.
Poor fated one !
Would we could set thee free
In our despair ;
Would we could share
All thy dark doom with thee.

CHO.—(to *Pirates*).

O, list, pity and spare,
Or his doom let us share.

MABEL.—O, list, pity and spare,
Or his doom let us share:

CHO.—O, list, pity and spare.
Or his doom let us share.

MABEL.—O, list, pity and spare,
Or his doom let us share.

Ah—ah—ah—ah——

Poor fated one, &c.

ETHEL (*embracing Bunthorne*).—O, Reginald!

PIRATE KING (*separating them*).—Ethel! you forget yourself! This emotion, and for a stranger!

ETHEL.—A stranger. Ah! I love him!

KING.—Perdition! and am I to understand that he has dared to win your love in direct opposition to my commands? All the more he dies. Take him away. He swings from the yard-arm forthwith!

[*Pirates are leading Bunthorne off.*]

BUN.—Never mind, Ethel. I will endeavor at least to die in an attitude befitting good taste, though I fear the lines of beauty will be quite lost on these rude and uncultured men. Good bye, Ethel. Take me away, sailors. When I am gone, think of me sometimes Ethel, and always love the lilies for my sake. Alas! there is no other being on earth who need remember me. I am an orphan.

KING.—(*greatly agitated*)—What's that you say? You are an orphan?

PIRATES.—An orphan?

Recit.—BUN.

I'm sorry you're so dull of ear,
But perhaps 'twill give you joy
Again my dying words to hear,
I am an orphan boy.

LADIES.—An orphan boy!

BUNTHORNE.—An orphan boy!

PIRATES.—How sad! An orphan boy!

Solo.—BUNTHORNE.

Yes, I'm an orphan boy
My parents both of them are gone.

ALL.—O sorrow!

BUN.—No aunts do I enjoy,
And uncles I have ne'er a one.

ALL.—O sorrow!

BUN.—O mariners of steel!
I do not wish to wound you deep,

'Tis bad form to reveal

— The fact that you can feel,

Tho' 'tis quite a pretty sight to see these gentle ladies weep

PIRATES.—Poor fellow !

See at our feet they kneel—

Our hearts we cannot steal

Against the sad, sad fate of the lonely orphan boy !

KING.—The orphan boy !

ALL.—The lonely orphan boy, poor fellow !

(*The Sailors release Bunthorne, and all are weeping. Bunthorne comes forward.*)

Song—BUN.

Now, a stranger pirate crew

I'm sure I never met ;

Their tears distil like dew,—

I declare the deck is wet.

They're a most peculiar set :

I'm not in my dungeon yet !

LADIES.— They're a most peculiar set :

He's not in his dungeon yet.

KING.—Let me explain, Mr. Bunthorne.

Solo—KING.

Although our dark career

Sometimes involves the crime of stealing,

We rather think that we'er

Not altogether void of feeling.

And 'tis our standing rule

That we'll not hurt an orphan's hair.

We may be bad, perhaps, but we've a touch of poetry
in us.

You may go, for you're at liberty ;

Our pirate rules protect you.

An active member of our crew we do elect you !

[*Shakes hands with Bunthorne.*]

PIRATES.—For he is an orphan boy !

ALL.—He is an orphan boy !

KING.—And it sometimes is a useful thing

To be an orphan boy !

CHO.—It is ! Hurrah for the orphan boy !

Ensemble.

O, glorious rule ! He's free, he's free,

And shall not pay the penalty !

He's now a member of our crew—

A Pirate of Penzance so true,

For he is an orphan boy.

Our ship is clean before the wind ;

We're leaving England's shore behind ;

And if we take a prize in tow
 'Twill cause our cup to overflow
 With glory and with joy !
 He is sacred from our steel,
 An orphan boy, an orphan boy
 That's a word that we can feel,
 An orphan boy.
 We'd not think to do him ill.
 An orphan boy, an orphan boy !
 Tho' some Pirate bands would kill
 An orphan boy.
 There is pathos in the sound,
 An orphan boy, an orphan boy.
 And it stirs a depth profound,
 An orphan boy.
 When our sympathies you touch,
 An orphan boy, an orphan boy.
 We can love you very much,
 An orphan boy.
 An orphan boy, &c.

ETHEL.—Noble heroes of compassion,
 Honor to your rank and station,
 Born to set the pirate fashion
 In the way of sympathy.
 Happy Poet, saved from slaughter,
 Happiest ship that sails the water,
 Happy crew—thrice happy daughter,
 Happy, joyous company.
 Noble heroes ! noble magnanimity !
 Noble heroes ! noble magnanimity !
 Showing such a vast compassion,
 Fit to set the pirate fashion—
 Noble generosity !

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE II.—*Same as before.*MAN ALOFT.—(*without*) A sail ! a sail !FRED.—(*rushing on deck with spyglass.*) Where away !MAN ALOFT.—(*without*) On the starboard bow, two points
est.ENTER CREW (*joyously*)

A sail ! a sail ! a sail !

Our pirate hearts are bounding.

The welcome word we hail

With rapture most astounding.

We'er thirsting for the fray,

We long for blood and booty,

And every man this day,

Will do his pirate duty.

Yes every man this day

Will do his pirate duty !

FRED.—Yes, lads, this is glorious. Neptune has not forgotten us.

2nd LIEUT.—I believe our ill-luck was all along of that Bunthorne being aboard *incognito*. The moment we unearthed him and settled his case, fortune began to change with us.

ALL.—No doubt of it.

FRED.—But he still refuses to wear our uniform, doesn't he ?

2nd LIEUT.—Here he comes—judge for yourself.

[*Enter King and Bunthorne,*

BUN.—I tell you I shan't do it, if I may be permitted to speak emphatically ; I am willing to join you in murdering people and stealing their things, but I shall never wear that Philistine uniform. I would prefer to be hanged from the yard arm, providing the execution were done nicely.

Song.—FRED.

The lily scorns

The paint of the farm yard fence ;

The sunflower mourns

At the barn door's hue intense—

She would not, would not change !

CREW.—She would not, would not change.

His suit is chaste

And shows a poetic mind,

Ours lacks good taste,

And proves us all unrefined.

He cannot, will not change,

CREW.—He cannot, will not change !

Recit.—FRED

I see the beauty of a garb æsthetic,
 And rapidly I'm coming to adore it,
 It's graceful, neat, and charmingly poetic,
 While ours suggest the felon—I abhor it.

Aria.

O is there not one messmate here,
 Who feels within his breast awaken,
 The thought that in art matters we're
 To say the least of it, mistaken.

Is there not one who shares with me,
 A growing hate for gaudy dresses,
 And in sunflowers begins to see,
 A beauty that no word expresses,
 No word expresses,

Chorus of PIRATES, BUN. and KING.

Yes, there are several Pirates, see,
 Who feel within their breast awaken,
 The thought that in art matters we
 Have hitherto been much mistaken.

FRED.—O, is there not one Pirate here,
 Who entertains a growing notion,
 That what our Bunthorne holds most dear,
 Is really worthy of devotion.

Is there not one in all this crew,
 Who nurses now a sensuous feeling
 For some small plant once kissed by dew,
 Some tender thing he's now concealing,
 Some tender little flower,
 Some tender thing he's now concealing,
 Some tender flower,
 Some flower,
 Some tender flower?

Chorus.—Yes, yes, there is *one* Pirate here,
 Who nurses now a tender feeling,
 For something which from weakly fear,
 He hitherto has been concealing.

KING.—Remember, sir, you are now one of this ship's company, and I am the captain whose orders must and shall be obeyed. I command you to go at once and don your uniform.

BUN.—Is there any particular penalty for disobedience?

KING.—Yes, Death is the penalty. Swift and terrible death!

BUN.—But you forget that I am an orphan.

KING.—Ha ! I *had* forgotten. Shiver my timbers, is this fellow going to command aboard my own ship ? Go sir, I'll take an early opportunity of convincing you that you must obey my orders.

BUN.—I will go and find solace in music. [*Exit Bunthorne.*]

KING.—We must have a care he does not obtain an æsthetic influence over us, to rob us of our manhood and unfit us for our noble calling. I will discard this vegetable instantly ! (*KING draws a sunflower from his bosom and tramples it on the deck.*) And to still further strengthen us in our resolve, let us sing that song so popular amongst our gallant foes the blue jackets of Her Majesty's navy. Though specially written for them it comes in handy for us, and it is our custom to take whatever comes handy.

TRIO & CHORUS.—“*A British tar is a soaring soul.*”

KING.—And now retire and put your ship in order for business. I go to consult my chart. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ETHEL.

ETHEL.—O, I wish I knew what to do. Mr. Bunthorne truly loves me I think, and I know I deeply love him ; I have always pictured my love as a poet, and my highest ideal is realized in dear Reginald ; but how can I listen to his burning words and still be faithful to my dead father's wishes : I must choose between love and duty.

Song—ETHEL.

Shall I obey the will
Of my father dead and gone ?
And my heart with the image fill
Of a stranger all unknown.
Sternly repress my heart,
Duty alone obey ;
Willing to sit apart,
Waiting the future day.
Duty instead of love,
Duty is stern and cold ;
O, will my young heart prove
Thus in its strength so old.

Shall I bid duty go,
Pleasing myself in this ;
Cleaving to one I know,
Taking the proffered kiss.
Smiling on suitor here,
Mindless of him unknown,
Holding the present dear,
Counting the future gone.

Duty must yield to love,
 Duty is stern and cold :
 Ne'er can my young heart prove
 Thus in its strength so old.

Enter FRED. (with sunflower, etc.) and BUN. (with Pirate epaulet on his shoulder).

ETHEL (*goes aside*).

BUN.—Yes, Frederick, I do congratulate you on your improving taste, but my heart is heavy just now.

Recit.—BUNTHORNE.

Sad is my luckless lot ; I'm doomed, I fear,
 To go through life uncomforted and drear,
 Again has Cupid pierced me with his dart,
 Again a damsel fair has won my heart,
 And still again I'm forced to lose my bride ;
 This time my rival is my family pride.
 My Ethel loves me, but alas, 'tis true
 She comes of pirate stock—it will not do.

Ballad.—FRED.

A maiden fair to see,
 But ah ! she's lost to thee,
 Her guardian is a pirate ;
 She never can be thine,
 This maiden most divine,
 Much as you might desire it.
 Oh, luckless, luckless B.,
 This precious gem to see,
 And seeing, to admire it !

 O bitter is his cup,
 He's forced to give her up,
 His honor does command it ;
 From out his heart must hurl
 This rare and lovely pearl ;
 His family would demand it.
 O luckless, luckless B.,
 A peerless girl is she—
 I don't see how you stand it !

Ah, she is here—I cannot stay to witness their agony.

[*Exit FRED.*

BUN.—I am an accursed thing ! (*Sees ETHEL, who rushes out affrighted.*)

ETHEL.—Dear Reginald, you look agitated. What is the matter ? Have they obliged you to put on that odious uniform ?

BUN.—It is not that. I have compromised on the uniform.

I managed after a manner to give it something of a fourteenth century fold, but still I wear it under protest. *Your* dress is quite delightful, but if you would allow me to suggest a change, I would ask you to consider whether the formal black and red horizontal stripes in the lining of your cloak do not destroy, by their over definiteness, the effect of your drapery and the long lines of your figure. Think: do not answer hastily.

ETHEL.—Oh, I cannot think of such things now! You have not yet told me your trouble. Has the Captain forbidden you to love me, as I am forbidden to love you?

BUN.—He has *forbidden* you, has he? This is monstrous. On general principles it is monstrous. It was unnecessary, however, for him to forbid me. Under the circumstances, I cannot possibly go on with the engagement.

ETHEL.—What, Reginald, are you so easily defeated in your love?

BUN.—I am afraid you do not catch my meaning. It is true that I do love you, devoutly, passionately, wholly, but your escutcheon has the bar-sinister of Piracy upon it. I cannot ally myself with a pirate family.

ETHEL.—But I am not a pirate!

BUN.—No, but your guardian is.

ETHEL.—And do you forget that *you* are, too?

BUN.—I am only a pirate constructively and under protest. Ethel, we must part. My honor forbids our further love.

ETHEL.—And so does mine. A sacred duty to my dead father. I was about to tell you of it.

BUN.—My heart is breaking!

ETHEL.—And so is mine!

BUN. Farewell, Ethel!

ETHEL.—Farewell, Reginald.

(As they embrace, enter King and Crew and ladies.)

KING.—How now! Love-making again? Have I not prohibited this thing on both sides?

PIR. QUEEN.—Why, bless my heart, they're both in tears.

BUN.—Pardon this weakness. I know it is bad form, but under the circumstances I think tears are excusable. I have just resigned all amatory interest in one I dearly love, for good and sufficient reasons, which I deem it unnecessary to particularize. Naturally it caused me pain.

ETHEL.—I too have given up my Reginald for satisfactory reasons.

KING.—I feel so well pleased at the turn of affairs that shall not inquire into the reasons on either side.

LADIES.—Exactly so. And of course we do not feel the slightest curiosity to know the particulars.

KING.—Exactly so ; of course not !

(*Song*)—Sweet woman never curious is,

Exactly so !

LADIES.—No, not in other people's biz,

Exactly so !

PIRATES.—No, they have no curiositee.

LADIES.—No more than men, that we can see,

ETHEL.—Of course, of course, why certainly.

ALL.—Exactly so !

KING.—Well, Mr. Bunthorne, I hope you may both be happy, and that you may find it all for the best. You will travel in America more conveniently without a wife. But, by the way, of course now that you have suddenly become a Pirate, your lecture engagements will be cancelled, hey? Never mind, you will kill fewer people in your present capacity. You know the jaw-bone is an awfully fatal weapon. Besides, my dear boy, the Americans are too raw, rough and democratic to appreciate art lectures.

BUN.—But they take some interest in *me*, and they are wealthy. Oscar Wilde writes me that they have no prejudice against the British visitor if he comes of good family. He has given me the correct tip on the subject. Perhaps you would'nt mind my giving it here.

Song.—BUNTHORNE.

If you want a receipt for the mystery national,
Known to the world as the *American*—
Take all the elements cranky, and rational,
Found in each nation and climate and clan :
The pluck of the Britisher, dashing and metally,
Polish of Spaniard conducting a dance,
Musical taste of the scion of Italy,
Volatile spirits peculiar to France,
Rollick of Irishman ; German solidity.
Boldness of Prussian who fought at Sedan,
Turkish diplomacy, Russian cupidity,
Brains of the average Canada man,
Portuguese poetry, Scotch hospitality,
Chinese rapidity, Tartar vitality,
African jollity, Japanese oddity,
Austrian chivalry, Mennonite ploddity,
Zuluish strategy, Grecian address,
Icelandic sturdiness, Cuban *finesse*,
Language Shakspearean, spoken quite nasily,
Restaurant bill of fare, not eaten lazily,
Arabic luxury, western *clan*,
And the mixture of all is the *American*.
CREW AND LADIES.—Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes !
And the mixture of all is the *American*.

BUN.—If you want a receipt for the popular lecturer,
 Sure to succeed in American field,
 Don't take a deep scientific conjecturer,
 Skim off the froth that the moment may yield,
 Lungs of a Talmage, or mildness of Antony,
 Coat-tails of Gough when he gesticulates,
 Logic of Dickinson, if they should want any,
 Bombast of Ingersoll cursing the fates,
 Fame as a writer of comical paragraphs,
 Author of book that has caused many merry laughs,
 Hero of trial of some wide notoriety,
 Golden-haired youth—sort of pet of society,
 Highly reputed as chief editorial,
 Forty days faster—cadaverous corporeal,
 Famed for your poems, or said to be beautiful,
 Noted for deeds that are not at all dutiful,
 Any of these, in full dress, is the plan,
 If you'd lecture to-day to the American!

CHO.—Yes, yes, &c.

KING.—Mr. Bunthorne, you will be a success in America—
 if you ever get there.

BUN. — (*Absent-mindedly reciting.*) — “Ill-proportioned
 rooms, wall paper of vulgar patterns, badly-woven carpets,
 badly bound and almost invariably of bad patterns, furniture
 that creaks every time you sit upon it. Then, that modern
 monstrosity which for tragic ugliness surpasses all others, the
 cast-iron stove! Black leaded roses! Marble frock coats
 and bronze double-breasted waiscoats for your statuary. That
 awful, ugly dollar! What was the scene which presented
 itself in his art work to the designer of the Gothic school of
 Pisa, Nino, Pisaro?”

KING (*interrupting BUNTHORNE'S speech*).—Hey? What's
 that?

2ND LIEUT.—Bit of his lecture, sir, I've heard him at it
 before.

ALL.—O, O, O! (*rush out, leaving BUNTHORNE repeating.*)

(*Cry without.*)—Sail ho!

(*All rush on deck again in great agitation.*)

KING (*looking through glass*).—Malediction on the lubber
 that destroyed this glass. I can't make her out clearly, but
 she's close in on us, and I take her for a small trader that we
 can easily handle. Go below, and conceal yourselves, ladies:
 there'll be bloody work here just now! [*Exit ladies, screaming.*]

(*To crew*).—Now my hearties, man the guns and clear the
 decks for action. Let this fellow see that the Pirates of Pen-
 zance either conquer or die!

(*Chorus.—PIRATES with cutlasses.*)

Yes, we conquer or we perish,

Yes, our Pirates hearts are steeled ;

Tho' a lively hope we cherish

That we'll make this foeman yield.

See our swords leap forth for life blood,

We are eager for the fight ;

We will quick subdue this stranger

By our overwhelming might.

Yes, we'll soon subdue this stranger,

We dread neither death nor danger.

[During this chorus the King is struggling with Bunthorne, who wants to take off his pirate epaulet and refuses to take a sword. He does so, and joins reluctantly in the last two lines of the chorus. Meantime, the King goes to rear, and sights the vessel through glass. Comes running forward in terror.]

KING.—Zounds ! we are lost ! She's close in on us, and she's not a small merchantman, but one of Her Majesty's ships, armed to the teeth and crowded with British tars !

CREW.—We are lost ! What shall we do ?

KING.—Haul down that black rag and hide every man of you.

(*One of the sailors rushes and hauls down flag, while the rest very nervously sing.*)

CHORUS.

Silently we'll creep to shelter,

Breathing gently as we may,

In our blood we'd rather welter

Not to-day—some other day.

(*Chord. Shot from H.M.S. Pinafore, which has meantime appeared on scene in rear.*)

Jiminy ! there goes a shot !

Heave to, he means by that.

Go below and lock the hatches,

Shut out every streak of light :

If those British tars should catch us

They would want to make us fight !

(*Chord, as before.*)

Jiminy, etc.

(*All exeunt but King and Bunthorne. King looks through glass.*)

KING.—They're lowering a boat. It's Her Majesty's ship Pinafore !

BUN.—Don't you think it would be advisable to welcome them aboard in some more becoming costume than you have on? I can lend you something. You will need a disguise.

KING.—You are right—I appreciate the beauty of anæsthetic dress now as I never did before. And Ethel, where is she?

BUN.—I know not. Alas! I can take no further interest in Ethel.

KING.—Come to my cabin quick. We shall find her there. We must disguise Ethel, too. *[Exeunt.]*

(Enter Captain Rackstraw, Sir Joshua Porter, Dick Deadeye, Tars, and female relatives.)

RECITATIVE.

SIR JOSEPH.—No one aboard,
That's very queer, not one?
Why by my sword,
I saw some people run.

CAPT.—And I do vow,
I heard a row
Just now!

DICK DEADEYE.—And where's that rag,
That Pirate flag,
Black rag?

Recit.—SIR JOS.

Officially,
I seem to be
At sea!
Well, I confess

This is more puzzling than a cabinet question,
Of human life there's not the least suggestion.

Song.—SIR JOS.

But before we take the step of proceeding through the ship
to discover what they're at,
Perhaps you'd like me to explain how upon the raging main
I am sailing with my set.
Tis because I've been so rallied by the wits, that I have
sallied forth to learn about the sea,
And it's something of a bore to forever stay ashore, tho' a ruler
of the queen's navee.

RELATIVES.—For every one must see
That to rule the queen's navee

It is just a right and proper thing to take a cruise or two,
Especially when his wife, his sisters, cousins, and his aunts
are in his retinue!

SIR JOS.—I have come to the conclusion that it's all a fond delusion to expect a lasting fame,

If you merely fill an office as an empty-headed novice, and fulfil it but in name.

I would never let a dentist who was only an apprentice pull a very bad tooth for me.

Sauce is sauce for goose and gander, and I think no mere pretender ought to rule the queen's navee.

Chorus.

That's the reason I am cruising and my relatives amusing in the good ship Pinafore,

Tho' I've been in this position on some small official mission, often when she lay in shore.

I'm no more a parlor seaman, and, unlike these poor young women, I am hardly ever sick at sea.

Then give me your assistance, there's a peerage in the distance for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

SIR JOS.—And now Capt. Rackstraw, what do you propose to do?

CAPT. R.—I am certain this is a pirate, and that the crew are concealed aboard. I intend to have a thorough search made for the rascals.

SIR JOS.—Very good. It seems to me that is a very sensible course to take under the circumstances. In case you catch them do your best to suppress any strong language.

CAPT. R.—I will, Sir Joseph. Lieut. Deadeye, will you see that a thorough search is made forward.

SIR JOS.—If—

CAPT. R.—If you please.

LIEUT. DEADEYE.—Aye, aye, sir.

[*Exit Dick.*]

LADY PORTER.—(*to Nurse*)—I hope our dear little offspring is doing nicely, nurse.

SIR JOS.—He is in excellent hands. Isn't he, nurse?

BUTTERCUP.—I am doing the best I know, Sir Joseph.

CAPT. R.—Sir Joseph, we will go aft and see what we can find.

[*Exeunt all but BUTTERCUP.*]

Song.—BUTTERCUP.

I'm known as a worthy, a very trustworthy

And well recommended dry nurse,

Tho' I once was a rum'un, a famed bum-boat wo

Till I married for very much worse.

I nurse for a livin' and long I have striven

My calling in life to adorn,

And vile baby farming and such things alarming,

Long, long ago I have forsworn.

I nurse for the gentry all over the country,
 My terms are exceedingly low,
 If you've *anticipations* of little relations
 I'd thank you to just let me know.

I'm posted on measels, croup, colic and whezels,
 And ev-er-y infantile ill;
 Sodorifics and syrups, and bread and milk stir-ups,
 And everything down to a pill.

For I'm known as a worthy, &c.

[*Exit* BUTTERCUP.]

Enter BUNTHORNE, PIRATE KING and ETHEL, *all wearing æs-
 thetic costume.*

ETHEL.—The men of warsmen stern
 Have come,—my heart is quaking !
 All mercy they may spurn,
 All hope I am forsaking.

To hide ourselves we need not now endeavor,
 And Pirates never look for mercy—never.

KING.—Peace, Ethel dear, while life remains there's hope,
 We may elude these bellicose blue jackets,
 Discovery means short shrift and hempen rope,
 Which may be termed the meanest of all rackets.

Come, Bunthorne, you're a man of rare resources,
 Tell us, I pray you, what our better course is.

BUN.—Please calm your nerves and still your beating heart,
 'Tis very vulgar thus to show your terror,
 Betray not beauty, nor forget high art—

They're coming now, unless I am in error.
 Adopt the plan I in your room did mention,
 And lose no time, pray give me your attention.

Pretend that you are poets,
 In dainty velvet coats,

By hook or crook,

You try to look,

Like real æsthetic poets,

To cultivate the trim,

Rigidity of limb,

You keep your eye on me,

And try to do the very same.

Enter CAPT. RACKSTRAW.

CAPT. R.—Are you the captain of this ship?

KING OF P.—I have that honor. May I enquire in what
 way I can serve you?

CAPT. R.—By surrendering yourself and crew to Her Bri-
 tannic Majesty's Ship-of-War PINAPORE. I am Captain Rack-
 straw of the Royal Navy.

KING.—May I enquire the charge upon which you thus demand my surrender?

CAPT. R.—I charge you with piracy on the high seas.

KING and BUN.—Piracy?

CAPT. R.—Yes, piracy.

I am the captain of the PINAPORE,

Of Her Majesty's navee,

I now demand your sword,

And I'll take you all aboard,

As prisoners for piracy.

You can't deny the fact,

You were taken in the act,

To escape there is no chance.

I recognize your craft,

By her model fore and aft,

You're the Pirates of Penzance.

BUN. and KING.—What! Pirates!

CAPT. R.—Yes! Pirates!

BUN. and KING.—What! Pirates!

CAPT. R.—Yes, Pirates—the Pirates of Penzance.

BUN. and KING.—Ho ho, ha ha, ho ho, ho ho,

You're mistaken altogether, and you'll find it so,

Ho ho, ho ho, ho ho, ho ho.

It's an error, we assure you so!

KING—I am the captain of this ship, 'tis true,

But she is no pirate craft:

If you don't believe my word,

And think I've men on board,

You may search her fore and aft.

We're æsthetic poets two,

And we sail without a crew,

For inspiration of the sea

We've another one aboard

My lonely little ward.

Good Captain, this is she!

ALL.—What, poets? &c.

ALL.—Ho ho! ha ha! ho ho!

We're mistaken altogether, and we find it so, &c.

CAPT. R.—Well, Captain, I beg your pardon, but I could have sworn. I saw a black flag flying at your mast head.

KING.—Sir, it was but this. A little thing I painted and hung there to dry (*producing flag*). It is a symphony in white and black. I will not exhibit it in the next Academy.

CAPT. R.—What ho! Sir Joseph.

(*Enter Sir Joseph, relatives, and Buttercup.*)

SIR JOS. (*examining Ethel through eyeglass*).—No; can it be possible. Yes! It must be, it is she, Ethel!

(*ETHEL starts with astonishment.*)

SIR JOS.—Do you not recognize me, Ethel? Your uncle, Sir Joseph Porter?

ETHEL.—It is! O, my dear uncle, I'm so glad to meet you again.

ALL.—Her uncle?

SIR JOS.—Yes, this lady is my niece—the daughter of my poor dead brother, an eccentric man, who in his will placed her under the guardianship of a friend, believing that my official duties were as much as I could well take charge of. (*To King of P.*) And you, sir, are that friend, I presume?

KING.—I am, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOS.—You have evidently performed your duty well. She has become a fine young woman.

KING.—She has, Sir Joseph.

BUN. (*to Ethel*)—Then you are not of pirate blood, my Ethel, and you may be mine.

SIR JOS.—Ah! I see how it is: this young man loves my niece. I trust he is all he ought to be.

BUN.—All,—supremely, essentially all.

ETHEL.—Yes, he is more than all.

KING.—Yes, Sir Joseph, he is a young gentleman of excellent family and high talent.

SIR JOS.—Then I have no objection to the union. Take her, young man, and may her love give inspiration to your muse.

Enter DEADEYE and Tars.

DEADEYE.—Hold! I have something to say to that! (*Producing paper.*) The young lady is mine by her father's written promise. If I am not mistaken, you will find a strawberry mark upon her left arm, and here is the mark of my identity as mentioned in that doccymt. (*hands document to Sir Jos.*)

KING (*looking at Ethel's arm*).—'Tis even so. As her guardian, I cannot overlook this claim.

ETHEL.—O, that horrid man! I cannot marry him!

DEAD.—I insist upon my rights. Am I to be wronged in this way on board a British ship and under British law? I won't stand it—that's what I won't.

SONG.

DEAD.—My case is clear as document can make it,
And I am bound to have my legal right;
The will is there, no argument can shake it,
I've got the merry maiden firm and tight;
The merry maiden 's got to marry me.

KING.—O sailor, to your mercy I'm appealing—

Don't stand upon your cruel legal right ;

Consider, it and show some human feeling—

The lady is a beauty, you're a fright,

The merry maiden mustn't marry you.

DEAD.—I own I'm not so retty as a chromo,

But she has got enough of that for two ;

I claim her, and I'm bound to take her home, O

And what are you agoin' for to do ?

KING.—Alas, this sailor's claim can not be flouted,

His heart is void of feeling as a stone ;

The will is there, his legal right 's undoubted ;

I can't suppress a deep-drawn inward groan.

SIR JOS.—Officially, I am nonplussed !

KING.—I see no help for it Ethel, don't think hard or me ; it isn't my fault. She is yours.

Song and Dance.—DEADEYE.

I'm a crooked and crank old man,

A blind of one eye old man,

But a pretty young wife,

Will enliven my life,

And make me a gay old man.

(Repeat.)

BUTTERCUP *(throwing off disguise and coming forward.)*—

Not if I know it, you don't marry her, Dick Deadeye !

[Chord]

SIR JOS.—You, Nurse ? What can you know about it ?

BUT. *(handing infant to SIR JOS.)*—Hold the baby a moment
That man is my lawful husband. I will explain.

A few short years ago

At Portsmouth where I tarried,

As some of you may know,

I Captain Corcoran married.

ALL.—Now this is interesting,

Be sure she is'n't jesting,

She married him who's resting,

A few short years ago.

You know he shortly died,

Through falling from the mizzen,

Dick Deadeye came and cried,

And asked me to be his'n,

ALL.—He asked her to be his'n,

And she of course did listen,

He should have been in prison,

A few short years ago.

He took me for his wife,
And shamefully he's acted ;
The worst job of my life
That ever I transacted.

ALL.—Dick Deadeye she did marry,
And sorrow had to carry,
He cut up like Old Harry.

A few short years ago !
I married him for wuss,
I kept my eye upon him ;
As Lady Porter's nuss
I'm here in time to stun him !

ALL.—It's true what she's been tellin',
This Deadeye is a villain,
And well he merits killin',
Good Captain, please say so !

DEADEYE.—This is a queer world ! [Exit.

SIR JOS.—I shall see the Admiralty about that man. And
now, Mr. Bunthorne, you may take peaceable possession.

KING.—And accept my unqualified blessings both of
you. We all congratulate you.

ALL.—We do.

KING.—And now if you will favor us with your presence in
our cabin, we will break a few seals in honor of this auspicious
occasion.

SIR JOS.—We came abroad for blood, but some softer drink
will do as well.

(*Sextette.*—"I hear the soft note," &c.)

ENSEMBLE.

Let us now with unanimity
All invoke the gay divinity,
Fill our glasses now in jollity,
Keeping revel and high holiday,
Drinking bumpers with felicity,
To their happy domesticity,
To their bliss almost hystericry,
When they're married in America.

Finale.—BUN. AND CHO.

'Tis a case unprecedented,
Fickle fortune does decide,
Having graciously relented,
To endow me with a bride.

Cho.—Fickle fortune has relented,
And endowed him with a bride.

CURTAIN.

